THE

IMPORTANT TRIFLERS.

A

SATIRE.

(Price One Shilling.)

THE

IMPORTANT TRAVELLERS

GUIDE.

(Price One Shilling.)

THE
IMPORTANT TRIFLERS.
A
SATIRE:

SET FORTH

In a JOURNAL of Paſtime *A-la mode*, among Young-People of *FASHION*, in the Spring-Seaſon of the Year.

AND

Addreſs'd, as a *TRIFLE*, to the *Polite Ladies* in TOWN, and to the *Beau-Monde* in General.

(*To which is Added*, A WHIMSICAL PIECE OF POETRY.)

BY CAPTAIN COCKADE.

——*Qui capit, Ille facit.* HOR.

——*'Tis ſo pat to all the Tribe,*
Each cries—" That was levell'd at Me." BEGG. OPERA.

LONDON:
Printed for M. COOPER, in *Pater-noſter-Row*, 1748.

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——— Qui capiti, Ille facit. Hor.

——— The Jest to all the Tribe,
Mock-grin—" That our Israel'd ar Me." Burg. Orra.

LONDON:

Printed for M. Cooper, in Pater-noster-Row. 1746.

WE whoſe Names are hereunto Subſcribed, do acknowledge the Narratives related in the following JOURNAL, to be *True*; and that the Reading of them, has made Us aſhamed of ſuch *Trifling* Proceedings; and has taught Us to forſake the faſhionable Vice of SCANDAL, and the Polite Taſte of ridiculous Paſtime, herein called *Tuer le Tems*; and though We be not grown ſuch rigid *Methodiſts*, as to relinquiſh all Pleaſures, it has induced Us to uſe them with Decency and Diſcretion; WE *therefore* conſent to the Publication *hereof*, in order that it may have the ſame Effect on All Readers, in the like Caſes, as it has had on

---

Howardona.

6° Aprilis, 1748. KITTY.

Coram Me *Mariana.*

H. Z. *Philadella.*

Hamiltana.

AD-

ADVERTISEMENT.

AS this Journal was wrote for the Amuſement of a Learned and Ingenious Lady, (then at Bath*) it induced the Author to interſperſe ſome Latin Quotations, where they were judged* A propos; *which are preſerved throughout, with the Addition of a Tranſlation of them, for the Benefit of the Engliſh Reader.*

ERRATUM.

At the Bottom of Page 11. for Fires drives out Fire.

Read '*Fire drives out Fire.* JUL. CÆS. Act. 3. Sc. 4.

THE

TRIFLERS:

OR THE

IMPORTANT JOURNAL.

——*Huc propiùs Me,*
Dum doceo Inſanire omnes, Vos ordine adite.

HOR. L. 2. S. 3. V. 81.

'Come, draw ye near,
'While I prove all are Mad, ſit ſtill, and hear.

I RISE about Seven, and read till tow'rds Nine,
Then ring for my Breakfaſt—(Toaſt, Water, and Wine,)
In *Deſhabille* then to the * *Chat-Shop* repair,
And pick-up what News I find ſcattered there.

B *London-*

* A CERTAIN SHOP at the Court-end of the Town, frequented by Wits, Poets, and Orators, in plain Sheep-ſkin, (Duodecimo,) Drones, Reptiles, and Butter-flies, in gilded Calf, (Folio.)

London-Evening's —a Dog: the *Gazette* is quite dull:
Th' *Advertiſer*—a Liar: *Gazetteer*—a mere *Fool.*

Frange, miſer! Calamos, vigilataque prælia dele,
Qui facis in parvâ ſublima Carmina cellâ,
Ut dignus venias Hederis, et imagine macrâ Juv. S. 7. 27.
‘ Spoil all your Pens, ſcratch out your lofty Themes,
‘ That plague you, waking, and diſturb your Dreams;
‘ Ye Garretteers! who court an Ivy Crown,
‘ Or the lean Statue of a mean Renown.

Then poſt and away to pay court where 'tis due,
With gay Bows and *Good-morrow!* and *how do ye do?*
All in Council we ſit, and recount what has paſt,
Since we ſaw one another (perhaps Yeſterday) laſt;
Dover-Court, no one hears, we all chatter ſo faſt.

———*Tunc fœmina ſimplex;*
Et pariter toto repetitur clamor ab antro. Juv. S. 6. 326.
‘ Without Reſerve the Woman then is found,
‘ One univerſal Clamour echoes round.

Then I, piping hot with the News of the Day,
Create a freſh Subject for ſomething to ſay.

* A certain Shop at the Court-end of the Town, frequented by *Dutch*,

Dutch, *Germans*, *Hungarians*—why let 'em be there;
But *Britons* Abroad—is your Noſe—I know where.

——*Obſcuris vera involvens*—— VIRG. Æ. 6. 264.
' In obſcure Terms involving Truth.

THUS our Notes we compare, and are always in Tune,
Sing, laugh, pun, and prate till it grows towards Noon.
Words and Work thrown aſide, hurry on *Capuchin*,
PARK's the Word, *allons donc*, and Miſs *H-w-d*'s the Ring.
How lovely the Centre around her we run,
Like Atoms that dance at the Rays of the Sun.

——*Ea vera incessu patuit Dea*—— VIRG. Æ. 1. 405.
' And by her graceful Walk, the *Queen of Love*'s confeſs'd.

HERE again, *ſans regarde*, our free Thoughts we diſplay,
And pull all to pieces that come in our Way.
What a Mortal is *That!* what a Motion has *This!*
She There, in the *Sac*, is COUNT—— THINGAMY's *Miſs*.

——*Deſinant*
Maledicere, *malefacta ne noſcant ſua*.—— TER. Prol. Andr. 22.
' Let them forbear ſpeaking ill of Others, leaſt they hear of
' their own Miſdeeds.

Lord, bleſs me! cries *Kitty*, with wide-ſtaring Eyes,
My Dears! I am ready to ſink with Surprize:
There's that Creature, Sir *Harry*——— gallanting Miſs *P*———
And ſhe all in Raptures at his rattling Wit.
Bon Dieu! how ſhe grins! and how loudly ſhe talks!
The whole Company's ſtaring to ſee how ſhe ſtalks.
H-m-n. Look at yonder Old Cripple, would any one think
He was Coupled laſt Week to that Bawble in Pink!
To obtain— (*Phil.*) What? (*H-m-n.*) A Jointure, ſhe fool'd away Life;
He wanted a Nurſe, ſhe———the Name of a Wife.
M--y. There's the *Colonel* a laying cloſe Siege to Miſs *D*———
M--ds of H---r, *ſans doute!* make rare Officers Wives.

———*Jam ſævus Apertam*
In rabiem cœpit verti Jocus; et per honeſtas
Ire minax impunè domos——— Hor. L. 2. Ep. 1. 148.

— ‘ Now Raillery uſurp'd the Name of Wit;
‘ Good People were abus'd, and ſuffer'd wrong,
‘ They loudly talk'd, no Law could curb their Tongue.

Kitty. There's a Monſter of Nature, what a horrible Shape!
It ſtares like an Owl, and it grins like an Ape.

Its Face is quite ſhocking, its Back is a Load:
—Such dangerous Sights ſhould ne'er venture Abroad.

Detrahere aliquid alteri, et hominem hominis incommodo ſuum augere commodum, magis eſt contra Naturam, quam Mors, &c. TULL.

'To detract from another, and make our Advantage of our 'Neighbour's Misfortunes, is more againſt Nature, than Death.

Phil. THERE's a *Hag*, with a Back-head, on Hairs that are Grey,
If I ſee it again I ſhall ſure faint away.

Spectatum admiſſi riſum teneatis?——— HOR. A. P. 5.

'At ſuch a Sight cou'd ye forbear to laugh?

H-w-d. THERE's a *Fribble* at large, how affected his Tread!
Lord——all over, from Heal to his Head.

Qui bellus homo eſt COTTA! puſillus homo eſt. MART. Epig.

'A PRETTY FELLOW is but *half* a Man.

Kitty. There's a Son of *Parnaſſus*, with penſive ſlow Pace,
Has Verſe in his Pocket, and Want in his Face.

Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in ſe,
Quàm quòd ridiculos homines facit. JUV. S. 3. 152.

'Want is the Scorn of ev'ry wealthy Fool,
'And Wit in Rags is turn'd to Ridicule.

Now

Now and then, Cheek by Jole, we meet all in a Croud,
Court'ſey, ſcrape, wink, and nod, and talk *Nothing* aloud.

Barbara, Celarunt, Darii, Ferio, Baralipton.
(Words of no Meaning nor Signification.)

Bombalio, Clangor, Stridor, Taratantara, Murmur. FARN. Rhet.
'Stammering, ſhouting, ſquawling, bawling, ſighing,

Give a Grin, and paſs by, the next Creature we meet,
Thoſe, we laugh'd with before, with Contempt we repeat.

Cry, tho' *Ma'moiſelle*'s padded, ſhe's all o' one ſide,
And * Fun's an Inchantick, or ſhe's ſtrangely belyed.

Quid de quoque viro, & cui dicas, ſæpe caveto. HOR. 1 Ep. 18. 68.

'Have a Care
'Of whom you ſpeak, to whom, and what, and where.

Diſcit enim citiùs meminitque libentiùs illud,
Quod quis deridet, quàm quod probat. HOR. 2. Ep. 1. 262.
'For what is laugh'd at by the cens'ring Croud,
'Is thought on more, than what is juſt and good.

How *S*— — aſham'd her chas'd Watch ſhould be ſhewn,
Since there's Reaſon to think it is none of her own.
That *Le-G*——'s *Solitaire*, with her Fuſs and to do,
Thoſe Stones we know *falſe*, ſhe impoſes for *true*.

Thus

* A modern Cant-Word for Paint.

Thus we make our Remarks on each Creature in view,
And *Cenſure* (few prais'd!) 'till *St. James's* ſtrikes Two.

——*Hinc vos,*
Vos hinc mutatis diſcedite partibus. HOR. S. 1: 18.
'Away, away, and new Employments chuſe.

AT *Breakfaſt* ſometimes we to *Ranelagh* go,
And find Fault, as uſual, with——more than We know;
The Tea, Coffee, Butter——'s ſtale, bitter, and ſour;
The *Walks*, like the reſt, a'n't the ſame for an Hour.
The *Rotunda*'s too large, the *Orcheſtra* too ſmall,
The——*That which is all Things, is Nothing at all.*

——*Diverſum vitio vitium prope majus.* HOR. 1 E. 18. 5.
'Another Vice,
'Juſt oppoſite, and almoſt worſe than this.

IF the Morning be low'ring, or *Kitty* in Spleen
At her Luck of laſt Night——wou'd the *Rout* ne'er had been!
To remove the Diſeaſe, the ſelf Cauſe we * renew,
And ſit down——to ſport juſt a Guinea or two.

* Fires drives out Fire. JUL. CÆS.

Quite

Quite calm, and compos'd—no One thinks of Diſputes,
From a Guinea to twenty—from Angels to Brutes.
Now ſquabble—take Snuff—caſt Reflections—ask Pardon:
Now again—One wou'd cut t'Other's Throat for a Farthing.

O Tempora! O Mores!——(thought I,
Seventeen Hundred, Eight and Forty.)
' *Such Times! ſuch Cuſtoms!*

Now and then, for a Frolick, we rove up and down,
And ſtrole, like wild Creatures, half over the Town:
Call at *Highmore's*, at *Hudſon's*, and ſtep up to *Cock's*;
See the Lyrichord, Wax-work, Bear, Horſe, or an Ox,
Stop at *Chenevix*, *Deard's*, and, in paſſing-by, pop
In the Laceman's, the Mercer's, and Millener's Shop.

Defendit numerus, junctæque umbone Phalanges. Juv. S. 2. 46.
' You by your Numbers, think yourſelves ſecure.
——*Tibi luditur; effluis amens*
Contemnere,—— Pers. S. 3. 20.
' Yourſelf you do deceive,
' Beware the public Laughter of the Town.

H-m-n.

H-m-n. THIS *Lace* is mere Tinſel, that Pattern's quite Old;
So tarniſh'd—That *Shape*'s more like Copper than Gold.

Kitty. THESE *Silks* are dull Fancies, that's None that will do:
Let me know Mr. *Crofts* when you've got ſomething *New.*

THEN prim Mrs. *Lappit*, with puritan Cant,
Crys——*What would your Ladyſhips pleaſe for to want?*
They give her no Anſwer; look at *This*, *That*, and *t'Other*,
When they've ſtar'd well at *one* thing, they turn to *another.*
This *Tippett*'s quite pretty; that *Apron*'s delightful;
Theſe *Ruffles* too ſcanty; that *Cap* is quite frightful.

——*Tanta eſt quærendi cura decoris.* JUV. S. 6. 500.
'Such Care they take their Perſons to adorn.

MADAM *Lappit* attends, and with Mouth like a Skrew,
Minces, "Ladies! that Cut is entirely New,
"The Lace a right *Bruſſels*, 'twas made-up in *France*;
"The Town ha'n't its equal, I bought it by Chance.

Quæ è longinquo, magis placent. TACIT.
'The farther they are brought, the more they pleaſe.

Intent to oblige, she unboxes her Store;
Flowers, Furs, Fans, and Knots, twenty-one to the Score.
How important the *Trifles!* how soon let alone!
Leave the *twenty* behind, and how useless the *One!*

———*Nos hæc novimus esse nihil.* MART. 13. 2.

'That these are Trifles, ah! too well we know.

Having tumbled, and given what Trouble they can,
Kitty throws down a Crown for a whimsical *Fan.*

Parva leves capiunt animos. OVID. Art. Am. 1. 159.

'The Ladies are all fond of Trifles.

THUS our Mornings we spend, either racket about,
Or affront half the *Mall*, till the Clock drives Us out.

———*Meliora pii docuere parentes.* HOR.

'Our sage Forefathers taught us better Things.

THEN Home, and to Dress, and to Dinner at Three,
More than welcome on all Sides, *sans Ceremonie.*
Here, much good may do Us, we all play our part;
Then for Church, and the King, and the—*Girl of my Heart.*

And brim-full of Spirits, Adventures, and Glee,
We rehearſe paſt Exploits over Coffee and Tea.
En paſſant, we draw out a Scheme for the Day;
Hang Home, and 'tis Death formal Viſits to pay;
So, *pour tuer le Tems*, to the OPERA, or PLAY.

Strenua nos exercet Inertia:——— HOR. E. 11. L. 1. 28.
'A buſy Idleneſs deſtroys our Eaſe.

PLAY. New Scene of Amuſement, freſh Matter for Chat;
'Tis *He*, and 'tis *She*, and 'tis *This*, and 'tis *That*.
This * *Actor* wants *Action*, that † *Dancer*'s too bold;
The Dreſſes are New, but the Characters—Old.

* *Dixit adhuc aliquid? nil ſane. Quid placet ergo?*
Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno. HOR. 2. E. 1. 206.
'Well, hath the Actor ſpoken?— Not a Line.
'Why then d'ye Clap?— O, Sir! his Cloaths are fine.
† *Saltare elegantius quam Neceſſe eſt probæ.* SAL.
'She Dances with more Air than is becoming a modeſt Woman.

OPERA. How inchanting the *Muſic*—— uncommon to tell!
To make it Cæleſtial, there wants but a—BELL.

(PUNNICA *ſe quantis attollit Gloria* REBUS! VIRG. Æ. 4. 49.
'In what Eſteem the Art of *Punning*'s grown!)

Such Scenes for a Song, ſure is more than they need;
I grant it, Surprizing,— Surprizing indeed!

——*Equitis quoque jam migravit ab aure Voluptas*
Omnis, ad incertos Oculos, et gaudia Vana. Hor. 2. E. 1. 187.
'Our Nobles too are now grown Fops, and Vain,
'Neglect the Senſe, and love the gaudy Scene.

The Performances over, drive Home with Delight,
And light Sup, a ſhort Song, half a Glaſs, and Good-Night,
Say my Prayers, and to Bed; Dream of Muſic, and Snore;
And Riſe the next Day—— as I told You before.

Perditrus hæc inter miſeros Lux—— Hor. 2. S. 6. 59.
'In ſuch-like Trifles, Time is thrown away.

Nimirum Inſanus paucis videatur, eo quod
Maxima pars hominum morbo jactatur eodem. Hor. 2. S. 3. 120.
'Yet few do think theſe Mad, ſince moſt, like theſe,
'Are ſick, and troubled with the ſame Diſeaſe.

THE POET BEWITCH'D:

OR, THE MUSE *let at* LIBERTY.

TO THE Same Learned, and Ingenious YOUNG LADY,

On desiring the Author to Write SOMETHING—Extempore.

BY CAPTAIN *COCKADE.*

Quodcunque meæ poterunt audere Camœnæ,
Seu tibi par poterunt; seu quod spes adnuit, ultrà;
Sive minus; certeque canent minus; omne vovemus
Hoc tibi; ne careat mihi Nomine charta.

TIBULL. ad Mess. El. 1. L. 1. v. 24.

IMITATED.

'Whate'er my Muse advent'rous dares to Write,
'Or whether worthy Your judicious Sight;
'Or whether Lays beneath your Taste I sing,
'(Beyond that lofty Taste no Muse can wing)
'All I devote, or to your Praise, or Scorn,
'That such a PATRON may my Verse adorn.

THE

THE POET BEWITCH'D:

OR, THE *MUSE set at LIBERTY.*

I.

——*Tenet insanabile multos*
Scribendi Cacoëthes,—— JUV. 7 S. 51.

(Strange that this Frenzy shou'd our Minds bewitch !)
' *The Curse of* SCRIBLING *is an endless Itch.*

'S DEATH! What shall I Write? I hate politic Spinning,
'Tis so tedious and dull, 'tis fit for Old-Women:
Create a brisk Subject, 'tis BELLA inspires;
'S Life! I'm brimful of Fancy, and lofty Desires.

II.

——*Cui mens divinior, atque os*
Magna sonaturum:—— HOR. 1. S. 4. 43.

—— Who writes,
' With Fancy high, and more than Mortal-Flights.

By

By Bella inſpir'd, I can Strut, Rant, and Roar;
And call Great *Apollo*, a Son of a W——
Swear the *Muſes* are Sluts, moſt deceitfully Dull;
Fierce *Mars*, a mere Aſs; and ſage *Pallas*—a Fool.

III.

——*Poetica ſurgit*
Tempeſtas. Juv. 12 S. 23.
'A poetical Storm ariſes.

Call *Jupiter* Bully; and *Juno*—a Jade;
And *Venus*, the Queen of——the ſtrumpetting Trade;
Intriguing young *Cupid*, a treacherous Imp;
And *Mercury* poſt for a Porterly Pimp.

IV.

——*Vocat in certamine Divos.*
'And to Contention call the Gods.

Write *Hercules* down for a Cowardly Slave;
And *Vulcan*, a Pick-pocket Rogue, and a Knave:
Mark *Bacchus*, a Flincher, afraid to get Drunk;
And brand Chaſte *Diana* for *Drury-Lane* Punk.

V.

Dum Flammas Jovis, et fonitus imitatur Olympi. VIRG. Æ. 6. 586.

'With Mimic Thunder impiously he plays,
'And darts the artificial Lightning's Blaze.

FURIES, Vengeance, and Thunder,—what's their Titles to Me!
All Puffs, and Impostors, as false as can be:
Fall down and adore— none more haughty than They;
I'll strike at *Dominion*, and *Jove* shall obey.

VI.

Jura neget sibi nata, nihil non arroget Armis. HOR. A. P. 122.

'His Sword, his Law, his own Right-Hand,— his God.

I'LL draw up a Scheme to my Humour's Conditions;
I'll be bow'd to, and pray'd to, and mov'd by Petitions:
My Will is my Law—JOVE relinquish the Throne;
I'll Command, Sign, and Seal, and reign MONARCH alone.

VII.

Per Ambages & Ministeria deorum
Præcipitandus est liber spiritus.— PETRON.

'A daring Genius will call the Gods to his Assistance.

Hyp, you Sir, Apollo! get me Pen, Ink, and Paper;
And, pert miſtreſs *Clio!* go light me a Taper;
You, *Mercury!* fetch ſome *fille de joye* or another,
But, Raſcal, take care,—lay not hold of your Mother.

VIII.

——*Merito Quin illis Jupiter ambas*
Iratus buccas inflet—— Hor. 1. S. 1. 20.

'Now would not this vex *Jove*, and make him rage?

Booby *Jove!* ſtir the Fire; hold—let it alone,
Take my *Snuff-Box*, and fill it; *hic preſto*,—begone:
Madam ſtiff-necked *Juno!* my Garters let looſe;
And you fellow, *Hercules!* wipe the Dirt off my Shoes.

IX.

Dulce eſt deſipere in loco. Hor. 4. L. 6. 12. 28.

'A well-tim'd Frolick is pleaſant.

You ſquinting Cur, *Cupid!* prepare for a Dance;
Cloudy *Pallas!* be Gay, quit your Buckler and Lance;
Sing a Song, Dame *Diana!* to the Triumphs of Bella,
Accompany her, *Mars!* on the Violincella.

X.

Cæstus, artemque repono.

The Gauntlets I resign, and here renounce the Field.

THUS I Rule, and Direct, and Correct as I please;

Am *Jove* in the Senate, and *Neptune* on Seas;

My Regalia from BELLA, to Her I resign 'em;

Were the Graces united, my BELLA 'd out-shine 'em.

———*A* BELLA *principio laudate ad Finem.*

FINIS.